

# Good Morning 587

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Two Minds—  
One Thought—  
and One Mind  
is Sig.  
ALEC ESPIE'S



## W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Jack of all Sports, but He Mastered a Few

OUR sporting friends of The to answer," said Jim. "I know first. To tell the truth, it is so long since I heard the name Jolly Roger never tire of many people who think they long since I heard the name mentioned that I had quite for- recalling the extraordinary per- know as much as anyone ever did gotten that grand old sportsman, formances of some of the wonder- about dogs, but that does not Most people think the Americans, ful old-timers in various branches mean they are correct. Lord introduced that style, but they are mistaken. It is the same way with so many more so-called of sport, and it sometimes happens Lonsdale was one of the really He was the Editor of 'Dogs,' are American importations, especially that the threads of conversation knowledgeable men when it came probably the most complete work in the world of sport. They still are picked up from where they to sporting dogs, and he used to wrote the volume on Coursing in the world of sport. They still were left a few evenings back. claim to have the best breed of fox terriers to be found anywhere for the Badminton Library. I bring over wheezes which they think are brand new until some old codger explains that they

Thus it was the other evening when Nat Wilson asked Jim Horton, the greyhound trainer, whether he could name any particular person as the leading authority on dogs and all about man's closest four-footed friend. "That's not an easy question

"You've forgotten one name that should be outstanding," put in the guv'nor. "What about Major Harding Cox?" "Why, of course," exclaimed Jim, "I ought to have put him

"I feel sure he is," answered the guv'nor. "Only a few months ago a friend of mine received a letter from him correcting some error that had been made in referring to greyhounds. He was always a stickler for correct nomenclature. It would always draw a cutting retort from him if somebody foolishly described a hound as a dog."

"He must be old," said Jim. "I was only a baby when Harding Cox owned some of the most famous coursing greyhounds. My father used to meet him frequently when they were coursing."

"He must be nearly 90," said the guv'nor. Just a moment and I'll make sure. Here we are: born on August 30th, 1856. That means he is in his 89th year, not far out. He is a year younger than Lord Desborough, whom we were discussing the other evening. Here's another instance of a sportsman reaching a ripe, old age. I don't know that Harding Cox ever interested himself in athletics, but there was very little else that he did not try at some time or other."

"He has often said that he might have reached the heights if only he had specialised in one branch of sport, but, as he used to put it, he had to have a finger in every pie baked in the field oven; he was made that way. His father was trustee and partner in the 'Field,' and so he must have gained a flying start in his knowledge of horses, hounds, sporting dogs, and the field sports that call for cash before you can participate in so many of them."

"I should say that he must have been a pretty fair amateur rider, although he was before my day," said Paddy Lynn. "I am told that people used to make fun of his peculiar seat, and say that on a horse he reminded them of a monkey on a stick, but he had a better record than the fellows who used to laugh at him."

"I think it is a fact that he rode more winners than he did losers, and I don't know of any professional jockey who could claim that record."

"Now you mention it," said the guv'nor, "it is a fact that he rode

WE found your fiancée eagerly looking forward to your wedding when we called at 124 Milton Road, Gillingham, Kent, Signalman Alec Espie.

Everyone there was very well, and all are preparing for the great event. Both Joe and Albert, who is working in the dockyard, are being kept hard at it, and you will be pleased to hear that Jim has now got his discharge from the Army.

As you will see from the photograph, Jim's wife, Peggy, was at home when we called, as were Mrs. Wood and your favourite dog, Major, though he didn't get into the picture.

Babs wondered whether you remembered the "Ashtree," and we told her that if we knew anything of submariners you would.

We've no need to repeat that all at No. 124 are looking forward to the wedding, and as for Babs, well, your next leave just can't come soon enough.

## Sticking to their Guns, E.R.A. Ken Houghton

It's "Put 'em up!" to the G.M. photographer, but he kept his finger on the trigger and got the picture.



THEY'RE sticking to the guns Gertrude would have liked you at home. E. R. A. Ken to see another picture of her. It Houghton. Your plea has not dates from her recent wedding; gone unheeded, and when you the day she left Bedford Church return the artillery will be in on the arm of Bob Rollins, the order for a patrol of Farmer brother-in-law you have yet to meet. But, of course, there's Lythgoe's place.

"Don't throw the guns out," no room here. you said in one of your letters. Brother Arnold and his wife, Well, here from 19 Lightburne Avenue, Leigh, Lancs., is pictorial proof that far from being thrown out they're all right. That goes for mother and sister Gertrude too.

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"Enemy appear to be digging in; no activity at present; er, cross out that last line!"

were introduced by our great-grandfathers.

"I daresay if Harding Cox had gone all out to become a really successful jockey he would have succeeded. He used to ride what he called his own modest gees purely for the sport of the thing, and he has said that he could only afford to pick up minor

bargains at the sales. About £30 or £50, and occasionally £100, other time."

was all he paid for the best racers he owned, and yet he won quite a number of good races.

"Like many of the more famous owners he started with pony racing. In fact, he was one of the founders of the National Pony and Galloway Club, and was elected as a Steward. The rules were drafted on the lines of the Jockey Club and the idea was to keep the game straight and banish the rascals who had brought pony racing into disrepute."

"After some years it was found impossible to keep the sport as clean as Harding Cox and his friends thought to be desirable and the Club was allowed to die an early death."

"Harding Cox has always maintained that pony racing is a great sport, when run under strict rules, as it enables those who cannot afford to race under Jockey Club rules to own and ride their own ponies for the sport alone, rather than for big money prizes. So far as he was concerned, it proved to be a valuable apprenticeship to what I might term the Turf proper."

"His best pony was a little bay filly named Catona, on which he rode eleven winning races off the reel, a very remarkable performance. He had several other good ponies with which he won many races, but none as consistently good as Catona."

"That name reminds me of some sort of betting transaction that has a story behind it," put in Bernard, "but I can't remember the details now and I won't in-

## THE LUPE MYSTERY

"MEXICAN Spitfire" Lupe fighting and making-up. Often Velez, who was found she'd say wild things and con- dead from an overdose of tradit- sleeping tablets in Hollywood, knew what to think."

She left a note for Harald Ramond, the French actor, with whom her romance was broken off recently, which said: "Harald, may God forgive you and forgive me, too, but I prefer to take my life away and your baby's before I bring him with shame or kill him."

On the back of the envelope was another message: "How could you, Harald, fake such great love for me and our baby when at all times you did not want us? I see no other way out for me, so good-bye and good luck to you. Love, Lupe."

Another note was addressed to her secretary, Miss Beulah Kinder, who found her body, clad in blue pyjamas, in the silken bed.

Ramond left Lupe's house in tears after seeing the body. "I never knew she'd do this," he sobbed. "We were at all times

"I must look up some of his races and tell you about them later on," said the guv'nor, "but my idea was merely to show what a versatile sportsman he was and to say that he should be included among the great all-rounders of the past."

"Apart from his many racing-riding activities, he was master of Fox Hounds, Master of the Missenden and Hambledon Vale Harriers, and a breeder of hounds. He won many wrestling events and was never beaten by anyone within a stone of his weight. He had been a useful oarsman whilst he was at Cambridge, and was never in a losing or bumped boat."

"At pigeon shooting (which, by the way, he was always at great pains to point out, was not a sport) he won the Grand International Cup and the Grand Aristocratic Cup two years in succession; the Grand Prix du Cloture, and many other important prizes, including the cup for the highest average at the Gun Club. Later on he shot for his Yeomanry at Wimbledon and Bisley, and on two occasions was top-scorer."

"He was also a dab hand at fishing. He was selected by the readers of 'Baily's Magazine' as one of the twelve best fly fishers. With a friend, Harding Cox established the average weight record in Norway in killing 47 salmon averaging 25½ lbs. apiece."

"He once was asked what his profession was and he replied 'Jack of All Trades.' He has been a sporting journalist, a writer of books, a painter, an actor, and a playwright."

"He played the leading part in 'The Pen and the Pudding' at the Comedy Theatre, and wrote 'The Fatal Dance,' which was also produced at the Comedy."

"I shouldn't think he was ever bored with life," exclaimed Bernard. "You must tell us some more about Harding Cox. We'll all come early for that."

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

DICK GORDON.



# NOW HE CAN TALK

So Commandant Bertrand, Famous F.F.I. leader is interviewed by PETER VINCENT

COMMANDANT BERTRAND, as he is known here, arrived from France recently on a mission to the War Office. He spent the last four years with the French underground and F.F.I. He personally killed 42 Germans in close combat. He was interviewed by the "Good Morning" reporter shortly before returning to France, to his unit, now about to go to the Western Front.

Peter Vincent: "Good Morning" reporter.

Scene: An office at French Army Headquarters, London. Seated are Mlle. de Tissier, acting as typist, Captain McMartin, as interpreter, the "G.M." reporter. The door opens. Enter Commandant Bertrand.

Reporter: Well, Commandant Bertrand, what does it feel like to be in a big city after four years in the countryside?

Comm. B.: You know, it is most difficult to become accustomed to all the noise and the lights. In the Haute Savoie, a light at night could mean discovery. Even a match, sometimes.

Reporter: Did you miss the comforts and amenities of modern civilisation?

Comm. B.: Yes. We had no beds for many months, and sometimes no cooked food for

weeks. Then these little matters such as soap and towels were very few. We had for a long time no food from the organisation. We lived as we could.

Reporter: And you also found your own arms and equipment?

Comm. B.: At first, yes. But very soon we were given the excellent equipment by your R.A.F. — rifles, automatics, machine-guns, and later some mortars and Piats. But, of course, we found much equipment ourselves.

Reporter: Which did you find the most useful all-round weapon?

Comm. B.: Ah, let me see. The Sten, certainly. It is excellent in close combat. It is very useful because it is always ready and does not break easily. The Germans, with the heavier equipment, took longer to prepare themselves.

Reporter: In this close fighting, how many were involved in an average fight?

Comm. B.: Usually we operated in small groups of eight to twelve. We waited for the Germans to separate into parties of similar or slightly larger size. Therefore, we can say that the average combat consisted of 25 men in all.

Reporter: Do you think the Germans are good soldiers?

Comm. B.: Yes. They fight very well en masse. Individually they are also brave, but not so good as the French. Of course, if we fight in country that we know it is a big advantage.

Maybe in Germany it will be so for the Germans. We will see.

Reporter: What of the stories of German atrocities—are they true?

Comm. B.: Yes and no. The average German soldier was a very straightforward fellow. If he captured you he only shot you. But with the Gestapo, that is another matter. They are swine.

I remember one time, it was at night. We were in a lorry, going to an F.F.I. rendezvous. Nine men and one girl. By a sad misfortune, we were stopped by a large German patrol in a small village. They told us to get off the lorry. This we did. Then they examined our papers of identity and were satisfied, but ordered us to throw down our luggage as they were going to take the lorry.

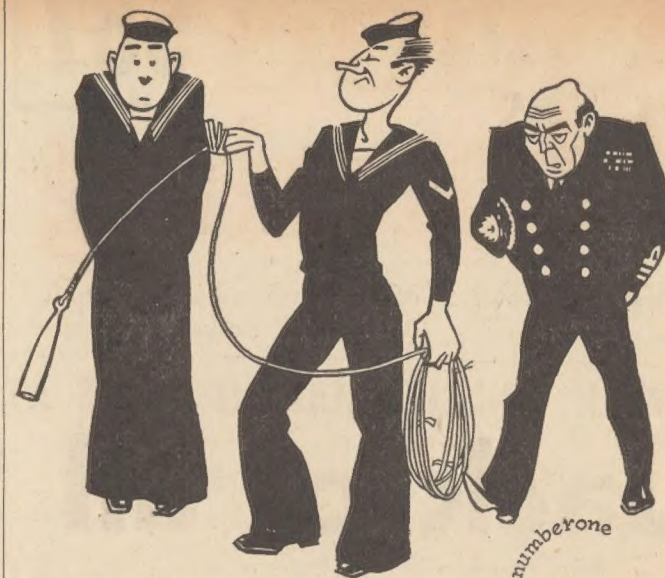
The luggage was unloaded, but one suitcase fell and broke open, disclosing a radio short-wave set.

In the fight that followed, I escaped with one other. The rest were killed. Next day the Gestapo came and took fifty hostages from this little village. They never returned.

Reporter: Do you mean to say that the Germans shot prisoners?

Comm. B.: No, because they never took the prisoners. All F.F.I. were shot immediately as franc-tireurs. Except, as I have said, by the Gestapo. Then not.

We also, we took no prisoners, because we could not.



Now do like I showed yer, swing it round yer 'ead an' let go."

Who was there to guard them? We had no men or women to spare.

Reporter: Were there many women in the F.F.I., Commandant Bertrand?

Comm. B.: Yes. They were mostly messengers and clerks. Some are very good with the rifle. They make good soldiers.

Reporter: Did you have any marriages between members of the F.F.I.?

Comm. B.: Yes, but it was very rare. You see, we had not the time.

Reporter: And how did you usually tackle the enemy?

Comm. B.: You must remember that we usually had no heavy equipment. Our weapons were machine-gun and bombe gamonde, or grenade.

Often we would wait in ambush for a German convoy. As it passed we would throw bombs into the lorries, and

attack during the great confusion that followed. By this means we could exterminate many convoys.

But we were careful not to do this near any villages, in case the Germans would take revenge on them.

Then we would sabotage. By derailing a train at night, we could surround it, kill all Germans, and often seize much equipment. But one must be quick. The Germans were very nervous and on the watch for us.

Reporter: And now the F.F.I. want to continue the fight into Germany?

Comm. B.: Yes. We will avenge the ruin to our soil. A little more training, a little more heavy equipment, and we are ready. Monsieurs, I must leave. We return to France shortly, and I must buy some razor blades for my men, otherwise they will kill me!

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Commandant Bertrand: Major, First French Army, Leading a French Mission to the War Office.

Captain McMartin: Liaison Officer.

Mademoiselle de Tissier: Secretary to Commandant Bertrand.

## QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 586

1. A tola is a head-dress, Indian weight, Spanish coin, drink, Burmese dancer?
2. Who invented the breech-loading rifle?
3. Who was called "a great Flanders mare"?
4. Who won the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race in 1939?
5. Why is grapefruit so called?

1. Scotswoman's dowry.
2. Sir John Moore; Spain.
3. Gherkin is a small cucumber; jerkin is a jacket.
4. Two days, 6 hours, 33 minutes.
5. R. C. Sherriff.
6. Microphone receives sounds; others emit them.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



MOST profitable return journey cargo you could bring home would be monkeys.

Domestic pets which went out of fashion in London during the blitz have suddenly come back into demand. Most pet stores are empty. I discussed the market with Mrs. Margaret Isaacs, who runs the century-old animal shop in St. Martin's-lane.

Mrs. Isaacs tells me that her most popular line just now is tropical fish—particularly the silver and black angel fish. Before the war you could buy one of these fish for 1s. 9d.; now the price is £2 at least.

But the scarcest things to get are monkeys and talking parrots. They cannot be imported any more. Consequently a monkey costs £8 upwards, and a talking parrot anything from £15.

Other pets that are, as they say, in short supply are tortoises and dachshunds. Before the war you could buy a tortoise for very little. Now it is almost impossible to get one anywhere.



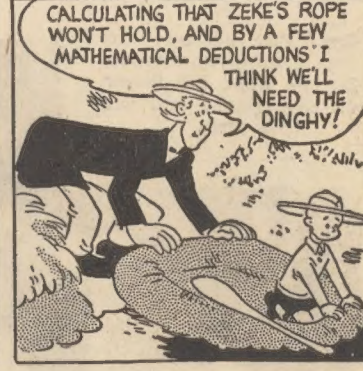
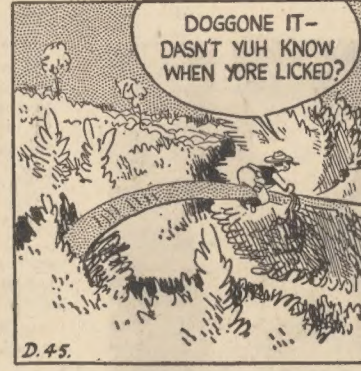
LEADING article in the current issue of "Games and Toys" refutes a suggestion made by the "New York Herald-Tribune" that British manufacturers are "all set to swing into action to collar the world's toy markets, formerly dominated by Germany."

"British toymakers will naturally desire to obtain their fair share of the industry, and it is hoped that they will get it," says "Games and Toys," "but there is no truth in the American statement."

The "Herald-Tribune" also stated that the plants of many British manufacturers, now being used to make munitions, could be easily switched over to the manufacture of toys, and that plans have already been completed to flood the world's markets with British goods that will appeal to children.

If I were allowed to speak my mind, I might say "Look who's talking." As I'm not, I make no comment.

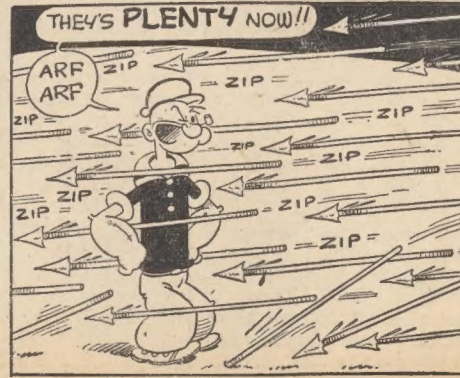
## BEELEZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





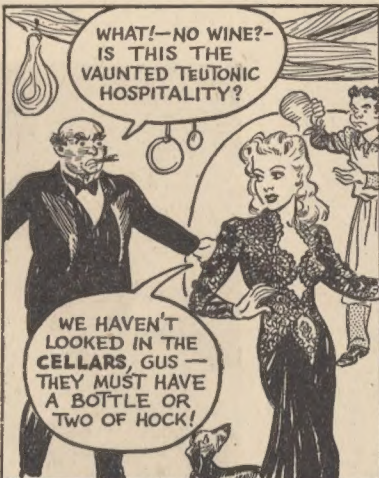
# WANGLING WORDS—526

- 1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: H\*R\*O\*Y.
- 2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BABY into BORN, and SOUP into FISH.
- 3. What Scottish county has HERL for the exact middle of its name?

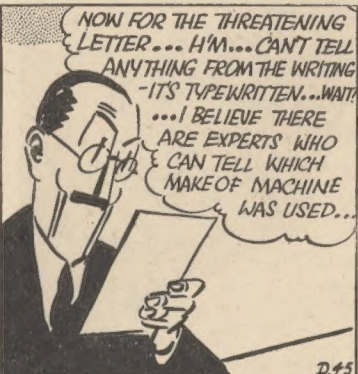
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 525

- 1. COMBINATION.
- 2. BULL, ball, bale, bole, bolt, boat, GOAT; MEAT, beat, best, lest, last, cast, case. CAKE.
- 3. DoRSet.

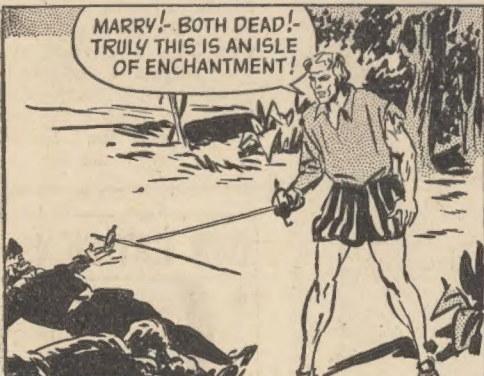
# JANE



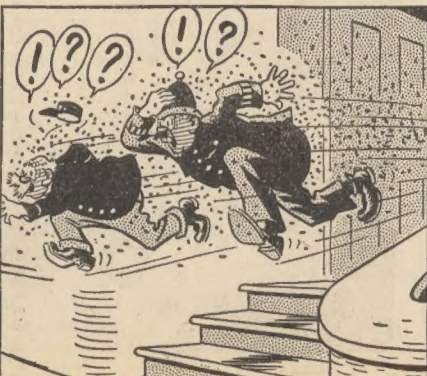
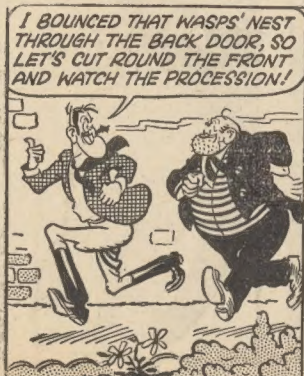
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Guinea Pigs are 21s.

HOW can a guinea-pig show he's pleased when he hasn't got a tail to wag? The answer is that he has other ways: he shows physical and nervous reactions akin to man.

That is why he is such a good test-tube animal. In blood-streams, skin pigmentation, and even glandular secretions, the cavy—as the g.p. is properly called—might be man's little brother. He isn't, of course.

Among other differences, he—or, rather, she—can produce young six or seven times a year, and that, too, helps with the speed-up of laboratory experiments.

They need to keep up the output, for hospitals, laboratories and the Navy require 20,000,000 healthy guinea-pigs every year. War needs have increased the demand, and guinea-pig farming has become big business.

The man who runs the world's largest g.p. farm is Mr. Bill C. Eurich. He even sells them to cosmetic laboratories.

He started with only five frisky cavies and £100 he'd

borrowed on his furniture. They were regularly getting tummy trouble, for instance, by eating the sawdust in which they were usually bedded down.

Mr. Eurich switched to wood shavings, better-ventilated coops, and individual feeding dishes.

The guinea-pig acquires nervous indigestion if he has to fight for his food from a common trough. He is healthiest when eating without worry.

There are four different g.p. breeds. One type is suitable for pets but not for laboratory work. Mr. Eurich caters for all tastes, raises 'em small and large, fat and meagre.

Neither he nor his rival farmers can entirely cope with the demand. PETER DAVIS

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Iron.

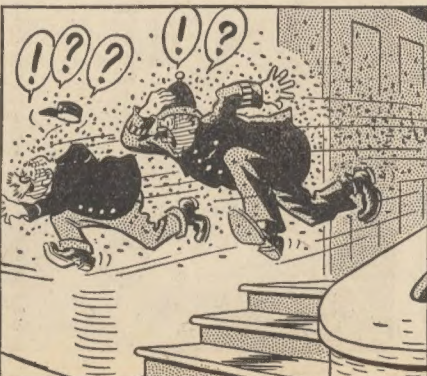
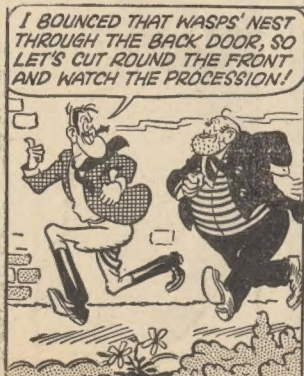
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| 30 |    | 31 |    |    | 32 |    |    |
|    |    | 33 |    |    | 34 |    |    |
| 35 |    |    |    |    | 36 |    |    |

CLUES DOWN.

5 Resound. 9 Wearing out. 11 Wander. 13 Allure. 15 Light blow. 16 Nourished. 17 Tennis-shot. 18 Stubbornly. 19 Direction. 20 Small mountain. 21 Three and a bit. 22 Remain. 23 Sheriff's officer. 24 Have dinner. 25 Fuel. 26 Go faster. 27 Squall. 28 Wind instrument. 33 Conjectured. 35 Liking. 36 Business.

HACK HIRAM ELLIPSE EGO AMITY ABHOR POP LADLE A N FOB EARL REMUNERATES IRIS AUK P C TEEMS MOB HARDY TRURO EXE ROYALTY SEDGE NESS

## JUST JAKE



## PHIZ QUIZ



Fought his way to the top of the heap the hard way—via the Boys' Club and the bouts that take place in the Baths Hall on Saturday night. But he won his Belt.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 586: Deanna Durbin.

## TO-DAY'S STAR

### Margaret Lockwood

MARGARET LOCKWOOD was born in Karachi in 1916, where her father was chief engineer to one of the big railways. She came to England as a child and was educated at Sydenham High School. She studied elocution at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and was chosen by producer Leontine Sagan for the leading role in "Hannele" at the Haymarket Theatre when she was still a student.

From this time Margaret was set firmly on the road to stardom. First one and then another famous producer gave her stage roles, and soon the film companies were taking an interest in the young actress.

She made her film debut in "The Case of Gabrielle Perry" for British Lion, and after she had played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Beloved Vagabond," Maurice Ostrer, of Gainsborough Pictures, stepped in and gave her a two years' contract. When this expired and Margaret had played in a number of "build-up" roles, she was put under long-term contract to Gainsborough.

Her films include a wide variety of parts, such as "Owd Bob," "Bank Holiday," "The Lady Vanishes," "Girl in the News," "A Girl Must Live," "Quiet Wedding," "Alibi," "The Stars Look Down," "The Man in Grey," "Dear Octopus."

Margaret is slim, dark, with a lovely smile and sunny good nature. She is a home girl, married to Rupert de Leon, now serving overseas, and has a small daughter, Margaret Julia.

### Dick Gordon

The call of the North is terrific,  
The call of the East is sublime,  
But the call I love best  
Is the call of the West;  
Come up and see me sometime!



# Good Morning

Mrs. Kaye Banfield, of Regent's Park, has the knack of making friends with the big cats in the London Zoo. And this is her being friendly.



## BOTTOMS UP!

We always thought that Jane had the copyright on this sort of thing, but it seems that we were wrong again. For, blow us down, here's Anne Shirley getting a new slant on things. "Come on, Anne, over you go. Tips over tails and we'll catch you—a right smart, fourpenny one!"



That chap Mac certainly gets around! He's gate-crashed the dress rehearsal at a Day Nursery down Guildford way this time. Says Mac: "Those kids' mothers are going to get an earful when they turn up to the show, and no mistake."



★ Mademoiselle Frou-Frou, the Queen of the Can-Can, she removes the toppers of her gentlemen friends with a playful high-kick and they stand for it—the jugginses. ★

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

